Asserting Dominance

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Asserting Dominance

by jonnimir

Summary

Kinktober Day 26: Exhibitionism + Degradation.

Hannibal has spent years of imprisonment without Will properly acknowledging their mating bond. When Hannibal sends the Dragon to kill Molly and Walter, he finally provokes Will into action: to remedy his jealous behavior by inducing his heat, and putting him in his place.

Notes

Please heed the warnings, particularly regarding non-con and preg, and note that this isn't just dub/non-con because it's an induced heat - there's active resistance for a good chunk of it, because Hannibal is pissed off and stubborn as hell, even as an omega, and Will is being particularly cruel.

See the end of the work for more notes

When Will comes to see Hannibal after the attack on his wife, he's actively bristling with anger, far from the infuriatingly calm and indifferent façade he has maintained since he first began visiting Hannibal to consult on the case. Though it required a proxy to accomplish, Hannibal feels a hint of satisfaction in finally managing to hit upon a nerve, and makes no attempt to hide his smugness.

"What did you say to him?" Will asks with a growl.

"'Save yourself, kill them all,'" he replies, entirely matter-of-fact. "Then I gave him your home address."

Will is silent for a moment, jaw clenching. Fury at Hannibal's nerve—as if it would do him any good to lie now, when Will clearly already knows what he's done.

And Hannibal has even more nerve. "How's the wife?"

"How's *my wife*?" Hannibal imagines hackles raising along Will's back. He can smell him through the glass, a caustic note to his scent that evidences his anger. "She's lucky."

"She survived the Great Red Dragon—takes a pinch more than luck. You married her for something, besides the wish to spite me. When you look at her now, what do you see?"

"You know what I see."

Of course he does. Looking through the Dragon's eyes in order to find him, Will would certainly now see his wife as the Dragon did—with discomfiting hunger, the anticipation of the kill, the projection of mirrors onto her forever-closed eyelids.

"But do you know what I see when I look at *you*?" Will asks, voice still low. "This hasn't exactly gotten you into my good graces, and I'm not impressed by whatever slight of hand you used to contact him. I just see a jealous omega who's gone too long thinking he can do anything he pleases without consequences."

"And do you take no responsibility for that jealousy? Would you expect anything else after bonding and abandoning me? You've shown no desire for me since you forced the bond upon me—instead, you went and married a beta woman to replace me. You even have a replacement child that you now endeavor to protect, after you failed to protect the child I gave you."

He can see Will's jaw working, anger for a moment rendering him speechless. The memories aren't pleasant for Hannibal, either—his nostrils full of Will's blood and tears, hand slicked with blood from Will's abdomen, and the sudden sharp pain as Will turned his head on Hannibal's shoulder and bit into his neck. A survival instinct more than a cunning plan, perhaps. But with his heartache so fresh, it had only added insult to injury. And it was hard to see it as unintentional that the bond made it easier to capture him, affected as he was by his mate's critical state.

“Maybe it’s about time I do something about that jealousy, if you’re going to wield it in such a deadly way.”

He raises his brows. “Are you suggesting finally treating me as your mate, after leaving me alone for years? You’ve shown no desire to ever consummate our bond.”

Will takes a deep breath and exhales. “I wasn’t the one to suggest it. Chilton believes that what he described as your ‘bitchiness’ is due to the absence of your mate and too long without your natural heat cycle.”

Hannibal’s lip twitches in a barely-restrained sneer. “Surely you don’t believe him.”

“I don’t have to believe him, but your jealous tantrum hasn’t done much to disprove his theory.”

“Tantrum? I have asked for little more than the sight of you these past three years, and still you ignored me until circumstances forced you to ask for my help.”

“And now you have my full attention. Isn’t that what you wanted, Hannibal?”

The sudden use of his first name makes his heart skip a beat, and he resents it. For all he’d wanted Will to lower the barrier created by using “Dr. Lecter” as his address, it had offered a degree of distance to Hannibal as well. And this was not the context in which he had hoped to hear it.

He allows his face to betray nothing as he stares back. “I would appreciate it more if I didn’t feel you had an ulterior motive.”

“You caught me out,” Will says, but there is neither irritation nor humor in his words. Instead, Hannibal is faced with something grim and tired, and feels Will scrutinizing him, sizing him up. “The fact is, Alana agrees with Chilton. So does Jack. They need your cooperation, and can’t tolerate you sabotaging attempts to catch the Dragon. They believe spending a heat with me will placate you enough to proceed.”

“Beliefs based on outdated psychological theories about omegas.”

“Not so out-of-date that they couldn’t push it through the system. Like it or not, Alana is discontinuing your heat suppressants, and they’ll lace your air supply with pheromones until your heat triggers and they call me in to help.”

Hannibal narrows his eyes. “You’re too intelligent to believe such a thing will render me placid. So why go along with this plan? Do you have some latent desire for me after all?”

“Placid? No. But you’ve gone too far. You think you can do *anything*. You think you can kill my family—”

Hannibal snarls. “They’re not your family. *They* aren’t your bonded.”

“—you think you can just play us all like chessmen without suffering in turn. I might not expect it to actually do you much good, but the idea of putting you in your place has its

charms after that little stunt. Alana and Chilton have been suggesting it this whole time, but I wouldn't do it. Maybe…" He laughs harshly. "Maybe I was hoping to protect your dignity, god help me. Some *remnant* of fondness for you holding on for dear life. It's been so long since your last heat that you're bound to be a mess. But now I'll look forward to it."

Hannibal is silent, anger and dread mingling into something foul in his stomach. He can imagine too easily the mess that Will refers to, but before he can think of an adequate response, Will interrupts his train of thought.

"Don't expect me to go easy on you, either. If you want your alpha so badly, that's what I'll give you."

And with that, he turns and leaves Hannibal to seethe alone.

Even with the expectation that his heat will start sooner or later, Hannibal finds himself unprepared when his pre-heat symptoms manifest. He becomes ravenous and tired, with his sex drive too easily piqued by stray thoughts. He disguises the symptoms as best he can—he's certainly not about to run to Alana, anxious to ensure his mate is there on time. If Will misses part of his heat, all the better. He doesn't want to give him the satisfaction.

But his anxiety still grows, a restless, animal part of himself that is resistant to being soothed. It wants his mate, and fears his absence. It knows the kind of torture a heat can be when left unsatisfied. He locks it away in a room of his memory palace, but by the time night has come, he can hear it whine and scratch at the door.

He will ache, he knows. He will be more vulnerable than usual. He will crave Will's presence more deeply than ever. But surely he can survive it. He even holds out some hope that he might maintain enough control over his actions to not prostrate himself before Will. That he might have the opportunity to get in a bite of his own and have the taste of Will's blood fill his mouth.

The next morning he wakes up with a thin layer of sweat covering his body. He feels the start of the ache. He thinks of Will, his scent and his body, and begins to salivate.

It's slow to start, but by midday he is slumping in his chair, exhausted by restraining the appearance of his symptoms. He can smell his heat and feel a growing slickness just from shifting in his seat. He palms himself under the table, unable to resist the impulse, and groans. He can't quite reason with himself why he shouldn't go ahead and touch himself when he needs it so badly, and it's not long before he's panting and thrusting into his palm, making no effort to disguise what he's doing.

He is faintly aware of footsteps approaching his cell, an inhale of breath. The exclamation: "Christ, he reeks! How long ago did it start?"

Not long after that, Alana's voice: "Will is on the way. He'll be here soon."

Hannibal's eyes snap open at that. He searches out Alana beyond the glass wall of his cell, and sees something like pity on her face.

He growls and upends the table, spilling paper and dull pencils across the floor and startling the guards beyond the wall into jumping slightly. He cannot vocalize the teeming depths of his emotions, but he's sure his frustration is communicated just fine.

He retreats under the sheets of his bed, giving himself the barest imitation of privacy as he shucks off the jumpsuit, fingers himself open, ruts against the mattress, and laments the absence of any kind of toy to fill him more satisfyingly.

The image of Will comes to him, along with the sizable alpha cock he would expect him to have. *He'll be even more satisfying. He can give me what I need.*

His teeth have torn the cheap, thin pillowcase before he's aware of biting it, sexual frustration wrestling with stubborn resistance to the thought of giving in. He isn't going to degrade himself just because Will has decided it will be fun to assert his dominance.

He continues like this for a while, and barely notices when his cell door clicks open, but he registers the sudden slam and a new scent in the air, and instinctual excitement and relief escape as a moan before he reigns it in and stops dead where he is. He feels unsteady, almost shaking from the effort required to still himself and resist the need to soothe his heat, but he rolls over and sits up to face Will, snarling at him as if he retains some power or dignity in this encounter, rather than already being a disgrace, covered in his own slick and semen.

Will, for his part, is already visibly affected by the sight and smell of his mate in heat. His eyes scrape over every inch of Hannibal, pupils eclipsing his irises, and he wets his lips. He's been sent in wearing a light robe, there being no doubt that he would be undressing soon after entering, and he unties it without looking away from Hannibal.

Hannibal keeps his teeth bared, even when the robe falls to the floor and he gets an all-too-enticing view. When Will steps toward him, he forces himself off the bed and backward, trying to push his brain into a more defensive state when it is desperately caught upon sexual desire.

Will takes another step forward. "Don't tell me you going to fight your instincts, after everything you've said to me about following my nature."

Hannibal's heart is hammering, and it takes significant effort for him to gather his thoughts clearly enough to reply. "Why should I follow them, when you've only come to punish me for endangering the life of your mistress? Otherwise our bond was only tactical for you, wasn't it?"

"After everything you've done, you don't have the right to bitch about how I've reacted to it," Will said quietly. "You made the decision to gut me. Not like biting you made a damn difference in the end. You still killed Abigail just to spite me."

"I was just as upset by her loss as you were. More so. I wrested her from the hands of the law, guided her, protected her while I was able. It was your choice to betray me, and with it reject

the child I gave you."

Will snarls and lunges at him. Hannibal blocks him, and when Will reaches for his neck he bites down on his forearm. But Will manages to gets his other hand around Hannibal's nape, and his fingers quickly seek out two omegan pressure points and jam into them cruelly.

Hannibal's knees weaken and his jaw eases enough for Will to reclaim his arm, though blood drips from the wound. He can still growl and struggle weakly, but his command of his limbs crumbles. Will eases him down to kneel on the floor and puts his mouth against Hannibal's ear. The heat of it makes him feel even weaker, sending a shiver through him, and he is close enough for Hannibal to clearly register the drastic shift in smell as his hormones respond to his mate's heat. Not as wildly imbalanced as they would be in rut—he wonders if Will has taken some kind of stabilizer to help keep his wits about him—but enough so to render him more aggressive than usual. Trying to reason with him at this point would be futile.

"You didn't give me *shit*," Will growls. "All you've done is *take*. Again and again, as if you're a god. But you're not. You're as human as the rest of us, and you're not immune to your own biology. It's about time someone teaches you your goddamn place."

Hannibal snaps at thin air, fury writhing at the treatment. But he feels the throb of heat at the base of his spine, unwilling arousal at his alpha's dominant display, and it only intensifies with Will's next words.

"So now you're gonna spread your legs for me like a good omega bitch, or else I'll take you up to the glass and give the guards a real nice view of you begging for my knot."

Hannibal is at too great a disadvantage to think Will won't be able to carry out this threat. Both options are humiliating in their own way, but when Will presses him to the floor by the nape of his neck, he lets himself follow his natural impulse. His thighs ease apart, and Will quickly slots himself between them, keeping one hand on Hannibal's nape but allowing the other to rub against his slick hole. Hannibal bites his tongue to hold back a moan, but can't restrain the eager tilt of his hips.

"That's it," Will murmurs. "*Fuck*, you smell good."

Hannibal barely has time to register that Will's hand has moved from his nape to his ass when he feels the soft, hot pressure of Will's tongue gliding over his entrance, right where he is maddeningly sensitive. It makes him gasp and moan far too loudly in the cavernous cell. He flushes, face pressed against the floor, trying not to think of the picture they make together. Will echoes his moan, as appreciative as if he's consuming a decadent dessert. He licks with wholehearted enthusiasm, even sliding inside, and Hannibal utters something that he's fairly sure isn't a word in any language he speaks.

With the pressure removed from his nape, he doesn't feel nearly as limp, but the thought of pulling away now is torturous, a cruel denial. Will's scent alone is enough to drive him mad, the manifestation of fantasies that he permitted only in small doses over the years. He wants to press his face against Will's skin and breathe in, lick and nuzzle, forget this feud for just a moment and let Will fuck and fill him. But he is particularly well-practiced at self-discipline, and when Will pulls back for a moment, his head clears for long enough that he's able to pull

together the last scraps of his stubbornness and indignation to roll over and kick at Will's chest.

Will curses and stumbles back, and a growl rumbles from him that sends a shiver down Hannibal's spine. The air is heavy with the scent that's not quite a rut, but verges on it, arousal and anger both flooding his system. His eyes are dark and hungry and he looks radiant, for the moment unafraid to harness the power that Hannibal knows he has possessed all along. Even outside of rut, he is losing something of human civility, trespassing into the land of animals, and Hannibal's heat is burning for him.

Claim me, it begs—heart and womb and the desperate animal rooted deep in his brain. *Take me like you should have taken me years ago. Don't deprive me any longer.*

Even now that Will is no longer touching him, he can't defy his heat enough to attack Will in earnest again, only enough to bare his teeth and growl back, a show of aggression that lacks sufficient force behind it. And Will knows it. A smile flickers at the corners of his mouth.

"You don't *really* want to fight me, do you?" he asks. "Not when you're like this. Hell, if I had the patience I could probably just wait it out until you come crawling to me like a needy bitch."

Hannibal snarls and his hands claw against the floor, but Will moves forward until his hands latch onto Hannibal's thighs, and Hannibal doesn't pull away—it's all he can do to hold himself rigid, not yield to the pressure and spread his legs and welcome Will in. And Will takes his time, eyes raking over Hannibal, whose muscles shake as he wages his inner battle. He sees Will's cock hanging between his legs, thick and enticing, and he closes his eyes as Will inches forward, forcing his thighs apart. He knows he's too far gone to keep fighting, but he doesn't want to watch Will's gloating.

Will licks up his neck and gives a soft bite, then his cock finds Hannibal's entrance and he presses in without further warning.

Trying to hold in a moan, Hannibal bites his cheek so hard he tastes iron. It feels infuriatingly good, more satisfying than any other sexual encounter he can remember. Because despite everything, this is his mate. This is who his body wants, and no one else.

In some crossing between frustration and ecstasy, he bites at Will's shoulder, but his jaw is quickly seized, fingers prying it open at the joint and pulling it away.

"I don't think so, sweetheart," Will says, voice breathy and infused with more twang than usual, a surfaced relic of his youth in the South. "I know what that mouth can do. Gotta be on your best behavior if you wanna give love bites."

Will doesn't release his jaw, even as he starts to thrust harder. Then he snatches Hannibal's lower lip between his teeth and bites hard enough to hurt.

When Will bottoms out inside him, teeth still tugging on his lip, it's enough to force a whimper from him. He hears a huff in response, and it's hard to tell whether it's arousal, exertion, or amusement, but Hannibal can't help imagining the latter. He tries to disconnect

rather than face this prolonged indignity, tries to imagine himself anywhere else. But the physicality of it is too vivid, and the lust hazes his mind.

Unable to mentally retreat, he begins to lash out again. It's not a full-fledged fight, but he growls and snaps, claws viciously at Will's back, kicks weakly at his heels.

Will puts a hand around his throat and squeezes just enough to be threatening. "Settle *down*, or I'll give the guards a nice show like I promised."

Hannibal shakes his head, not processing anything but the physical threat at the moment. His fingers claw more sharply, and Will hisses in pain. He stumbles to his feet and drags Hannibal, still dazed, over to his cell's glass wall. His reflexes are impeded enough that his hands barely come up in time to cushion the impact when Will slams him against the glass. Alana spared no expense in securing his cell, and they both know the barrier can stand much rougher treatment without breaking. When he looks out, he sees several armed guards watching them with something just short of clinical detachment.

While Hannibal is not particularly modest, and under different circumstances would not have minded being observed during sex, this situation is particularly undignified—a point which Will emphasizes by shoving his face against the glass and giving his ass a slap. He cringes, avoiding looking directly at the spectators, but knowing perfectly well that they will relish this—seeing this omega, who for years has commanded more than his fair share of fear, being manhandled and put in his place.

He is all too aware of their gaze as Will sinks into him again and he moans, voice reverberating against the glass. He expects Will to rush onward, but instead his pace is achingly slow and deliberate, grinding against his prostate until he begins to gasp and twitch from the overload of sensation, cock leaking excessively.

The holes in the glass allow him to smell the growing arousal of the guards, and he clenches his teeth. It is hardly their fault, but *how dare they?* And how dare his body respond to that awareness with this strange burning satisfaction at being shown off and dominated, this infuriating instinctual approval?

"I see you're not fighting it anymore," Will says, breath grazing against the back of his ear. "Do you like having the guards see you like this? A good omega slut, getting mounted and bred by his alpha where everyone can see?"

Something about that phrasing sets off an alarm in his mind, but he can't think clearly enough to pinpoint it until Will laughs harshly.

"It's gotta be a mess in your head, Hannibal, because you haven't even realized the best part yet. Or maybe you just can't bring yourself to admit it."

Will's hand slides onto his belly and rubs over it purposefully, and he has a glimmer of understanding.

"They sent me in with condoms. I even considered using them. But you had to pull that shit about giving me a child. *Again*. Trying to play on my paternal guilt, as if you weren't the one

to kill her, as if you'd even told me she was alive before it was too late. So you know what, Hannibal? You didn't give me a child—but you're going to."

Apprehension rises quickly, both arousal and dread. Though not repulsed by the concept, he finds pregnancy an undesirable state. He takes pride in keeping himself in excellent predatory form, and has no desire to find himself weighed down, physically or figuratively. And although he does have some instincts toward nurturing, as with Abigail, that's not what this is about—this is a power play, an even more thorough assertion of Will's dominance.

He thrashes against Will, but his wrists are firmly pinned against the glass. "Don't," he growls, rage flashing hot even as he feels a twinge inside him, his body horribly receptive to the thought of it.

"Or *what*?" Will hisses. He pants and thrusts into him with renewed urgency. "You can't do a thing about it. I'm gonna knock you up right here in front of everyone, and they're just gonna see an omega bitch begging for it."

"I'm not begging."

"No?"

Will stops suddenly and pulls out, backing away, and the sudden loss makes Hannibal whine, fruitlessly seeking more stimulation where there is none to be found. He clenches his teeth and slams a hand against the glass so hard it stings. It's much harder to control himself now that his heat is not being actively sated.

Will teases him with a single finger, tantalizingly light, and Hannibal arches into it, shaking. Will crowds his back and pulls his head back by his hair.

"You're wet as hell, baby," he says against Hannibal's ear, yet loudly enough for the surveillance to hear. Despite himself, Hannibal flushes. He wants to protest, say it's simply the effect of heat, but he can't get more than a vague noise of protest past his lips.

"You sure you don't want me to fill up your tight cunt and breed you? You're dripping for it."

Will's finger presses just slightly inside him, and Hannibal makes a choked noise. He feels feverish, foggy. His resentment doesn't change the fact that he's turned on and aching, drowning in alpha pheromones that make him want to lie down and yield, satisfy that ache. He wants more—*needs* more. And Will knows that perfectly well.

"Your body knows what you need. You need your alpha to fuck a baby into you, fill you and plug you until it takes. But you've gotta beg me for it, sweetheart."

He tries to gather together his dwindling resolve to deny himself the pleasure of giving in, to deny his attraction to Will and the heat coiled tight in his stomach, the racing tension down his spine. He makes a small noise; not quite a concession.

Will's mouth finds their bond mark and he begins to bite and suck gently, but insistently. A shudder rolls through Hannibal and he gasps a quiet "Please" before he gives himself

permission to do so.

Will gives an approving purr. He slots his cock between Hannibal's thighs and ruts forward, a near-painful tease. His hand holds low on Hannibal's stomach, holding him tight. "Louder, baby. So they can all hear. Say it nice and loud for the cameras."

"Will, *please*." It's even louder than he intends. He tries to modulate his voice but fails, too desperate. "I need you inside me."

"You need me to fuck you?"

"Yes."

"You need me to come inside you?"

He groans. "Yes. I need you to come inside me, I need your knot. Please."

"Ask nicely. Say 'please breed me, alpha.'"

He can practically taste the cruel twist in Will's words, and he half-shakes his head. But Will, as if he's riding some kind of high, growls and pushes his head until his temple collides with the glass.

"Say it. We all know that's what you're asking for, anyway, isn't it? You're asking for my cum in your fertile womb—you're asking me to breed you like the bitch you are."

Hannibal imagines Alana watching this on surveillance and being disgustingly smug. He imagines biting a chunk out of Will's living flesh, the pungent rush of blood, how nicely Will would scream. But he forces past his lips, more panting and desperate than he had hoped: "Please breed me, alpha."

And Will doesn't hesitate a moment longer. He plunges into Hannibal and sets a cruel pace, punching the air from his lungs with each rapid thrust. Hannibal couldn't control his moans now if he tried, and they slip loud and wanton from his throat. Will is rough, tooth and claw and a single-minded desire to mount and fuck his omega. Hannibal sags against the glass, damnably satisfied with the roughness—hard as hell and so wet that it's obscenely audible as Will pounds into him.

He knows when Will is close. His grunts are louder, his thrusts more vicious. He can feel the stretch of his newly bulging knot, and his nerves are all alight, his body eager.

"Fuck," Will growls. "Gonna breed you up, baby, make you into my good little omega bitch. Make sure you're always fucked full of me. You like that?"

Hannibal lets out a pained noise as the words send fire through his body, teetering on the brink of orgasm. Will gasps as Hannibal tightens up around his knot, and after a few more shallow, labored thrusts, he's fully seated inside him and coming with a roar.

Hannibal's hands claw at the glass and he whines as he feels the pulse of Will's cock deep inside him, flooding his womb. His own cock spurts weakly against the glass and he clenches

hard around Will's knot, milking it for every drop of his seed. When his orgasm comes to an end, he is left weak and trembling, brain swarming with chemicals of pleasure.

Will reaches around him and gets a hand around his cock. He starts massaging it, and Hannibal whines in protest, bucking away from it but with nowhere to go, only further onto Will's knot. He's not as young as he once was, and apparently now even his heats have some semblance of a refractory period.

"Come on, you can come once more for me, make sure you milk every drop so we know you're bred good and proper."

It's a pointless play—Hannibal will need to be knotted several more times before the end of his heat, anyway, so his womb will more loads of cum regardless. But he's in no position to argue against Will's vehemence. It takes a couple minutes of Hannibal shaking and writhing and Will relentlessly tugging at his cock and sucking at their bond mark, but eventually his body gives in and another orgasm wracks through him, wringing a high, desperate noise from him as he clenches around Will's knot so hard that it borders on painful.

His ears are ringing by the time he finishes, and his knees buckle beneath him. Will tightens his arms around him and eases them both to the ground, slightly awkwardly since they're tied, but well enough that neither is hurt.

His mind clears enough during their knotting for him to become painfully aware of everything he's just said and done, and of the fact that by the end of his heat, he will more than likely be carrying Will's child. When his agitation begins to surface physically, Will rolls them until he lies fully on top of Hannibal, crushing him against the floor. Paradoxical though it is, the weight of him is soothing, and he settles slightly.

"You once told me to stay with you, and not go inside," Will says quietly.

Hannibal inhales and exhales, drawing himself together as well as possible. "Under somewhat different circumstances."

"Not really. Both times you sent someone to hurt me, hoping it would draw my violence to the surface. It did, both times. This just wasn't the violence you had in mind."

"This was low, Will."

"No lower than sending the Dragon after a mother and child, knowing what he would do to them. They didn't deserve any of that. You did."

Hannibal opens his mouth to protest and Will clamps a hand over it. Hannibal growls, a tremor of fury going through him, but Will doesn't budge.

"Listen, Hannibal. I was within my rights to do this years ago, and I didn't. But it's been long enough. You've been passing messages to the Dragon. Helping him. Sending him after families. You've gotten around every possible security measure. You're a danger to everyone." He lowers his voice further, barely loud enough for Hannibal to hear. "They've been talking about killing you. Faking an escape and then framing the Dragon for your

murder. Or some other ‘accident.’ I won’t let that happen, but I don’t have many options. If you’re either pregnant or reforming under the hand of your alpha, they won’t do anything. Do you understand?”

He removes his hand. “Surely all this wasn’t to protect me,” Hannibal hisses.

“No. I also did it to prove a point.”

“You seemed to take much pleasure in *proving your point*.”

He huffs. “I never said I didn’t enjoy it—you made me real fucking angry, Hannibal. It was satisfying having the upper hand for once. And I *am* your alpha. Getting a whiff of you in heat was enough to drive me mad.”

“And the plan to impregnate me?”

Will twitches inside him, burrowing into his neck with a soft moan. “That was… more impulsive. But I don’t hate the idea, Hannibal, I really don’t. Your body turning all soft and heavy, rearranging itself to carry my child. I want to see you like that. And I want to see what our child would be like.”

With Hannibal’s heat beginning to threaten his lucidity again, he can’t say he completely hates the idea, either. But still…

“It’s a poor plan if you intend to keep your mistress as well.”

Will laughs humorlessly. “Well, she may have survived the Dragon, but I don’t think our marriage did. So don’t worry on that front—you can have my undivided attention.”

“Good. Though I hope you have no further plans to treat me, as you said, as your ‘omega bitch.’”

“Guess it depends how well you behave. I’m happy to keep things just between us—no more performances for an audience. But if you’re supposed to be reforming under your alpha, they’ll expect improved behavior, or else you’re on the chopping block again.”

“If good behavior is defined by playing that particular role, I might prefer death.”

“Can’t say I'm surprised. But like I said, there are two options. Reforming is one, but they also won’t touch you while you’re pregnant. So… if you *insist* on acting out like this again, we could always make this a yearly date. You give me a child, and as soon as you have another heat I come back and we do this again. I’ll just make sure to keep you constantly bred, constantly pregnant with my child. How does that sound?”

Hannibal makes a weak noise. The thought of doing this regularly—Will dominating and breeding him, again and again—sounds far too appealing in his current state of mind. He grinds back against Will, unwilling to verbalize that but unable to hide his arousal, and knowing that at this point it is truly pointless to try. Will laughs breathlessly.

“Wouldn’t be so bad, would it, baby?” Will nips and sucks at his bond mark, and Hannibal feels increasingly liquid, barely held together by the bounds of his skin. It is not long before the demands of his heat become too much and, with his resistance crumbled away, he drifts into a fugue state. And then all he can comprehend is the endless, desperate rutting, and primal satisfaction each time his alpha knots him, fills him, breeds him. Matters of dignity, or the lack thereof, fall far out of mind for the moment.

End Notes

Technically this prompt was day 27, but day 26 has been giving me trouble so this got done first. And on that topic, if you have any fun kinky ideas for "toys" or "roleplay" or a combination thereof, feel free to drop them here or in my tumblr inbox at ethicsbecomeaesthetics, because I've had three false starts and have no idea what I'm doing!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!